

HOME NEWS

A big catfish weighing 16 pounds was caught in the Greenbrier, near the mouth of Stamping creek, its head was as big as a man's.

Col. St. Clair will speak at our next October court day. As an orator he is second to none in West Virginia.

Abe Shinnebery, Esq., of Clover Creek, is said to have potatoes so large that they have to be cut in two, to be cooked.

Mr. J. H. G. Wilson's mare won the chief race at the Mingo races, which was the 3/4 mile race. The other big race was a mile run, but was too long to be won by his mare.

Capt. McNeel of Academy has on his place a fine lot of Tennessee marble. Some that has been polished by marble cutter appears fully as fine, when compared, as a piece of Tennessee marble of acknowledged superiority.

Married on Swago September 25th, by Wm. T. Price. Mr. Frank Thompson and Miss Anna T. Armstrong, daughter of Mrs. Catherine Armstrong, all of Pocahontas County.

On last Monday morning the family of Mr. George M. Kee was aroused by the alarm of fire about 4 o'clock. By prompt measures the flames were quenched, and this home saved from the ashes. The fire started from a stove pipe.

Sandy Auldridge, a 14 yr. old boy, of Mill Point was hurt while playing in Hogsett's flouring mill, last week. He, with several other boys was jumping over a band, and he was struck. He was unconscious for a long time.

The difference between this country and East Virginia, "said a local wit the other day, "is that there they eat what they can't sell, and here they sell what they can't eat." The farmers of Pocahontas are never the worse for this, but the ones that bring that rancid butter to the county seat are carrying the rule too far.

By the way, there is not a school house in the county that is ventilated properly. The rooms are built so that cold air can come in at the bottom making a fire necessary while they are ceiled at the top so tight that water could not penetrate. This causes the school houses to all have that "same old smell" that lingers in the memory of every country schoolboy.

Pocahontas has perhaps the youngest married people in our state. A couple was recently married, the groom was fifteen and the bride sixteen. After a brief honeymoon they settled down to business and are making a good living, with such life will be real, and in deep earnest.

An amusing incident occurred recently. As a wedding procession was tooling along at the rate of about twelve miles an hour, with the happy couple leading, they passed a little girl who was waiting to throw rice at them, in the goodness of her heart; just as the horse of the bridal chariot came up he was nearly scared into fits by the shower of rice and dodged it very neatly, making a first class shy of it. The groom shouted "old Joe isn't used to have his oats thrown at him."

Bertram Earnshaw, Esq., met with a terrific fall whilst riding R. W. C. Hales, Esq.'s, horse "Harkaway" in the Mingo Races, last Friday, while turning the bottom corner his saddle slipped clean round, causing the accident. Dr. Cameron was fortunately on the ground, and no time was lost in removing him to A. D. Bruce Esq.'s house.

He is well known among the sporting circles of Mingo Flats, as a first class amateur jockey, both over hurdles, and on the flat, and has caught the judges eye on numerous occasions.

We all wish him a very speedy recovery, and hope that we may soon see him in the pigskin again.

Church Notes.

Memorial service in memory of Mrs. Lillie S. Waugh will be held, (Providence permitting,) at the Edray Church, on Sabbath October 7, 1894, at 11 o'clock, a. m., conducted by

GEO. P. MOORE.

"The Far West I"

In 1862, Mr. Geo. Auldridge who was one of a large family living on William's River, broke loose from the ties that bound him and went to Iowa to seek his future. He is visiting Pocahontas this month and comes back as a well-to-do, prosperous farmer. On going to the West, he first farmed on the shares getting one-third of the crop. He has bought land until he has a farm of 160 acres, each acre as level as a floor and as productive as any in Pocahontas. On his place he has a forty-acre field which has been in grain every year for twenty-two years, that he knows of, and he cannot tell how much longer. This year he raised 60 bushels of oats to the acre on it. The main revenue of the farmers of that part of Iowa is hogs. Last year Mr. Auldridge sold twelve hogs for \$348, the largest weighing over six hundred pounds. The largest hog was worth near \$40.

Truly Rural.

Mr. C. A. Yeager has some very big corn. Our stalk on exhibition was fourteen feet high, and up about as high as a man can reach, were two tremendously big ears. The stalk is one of a hill of three and is not out of proportion to the rest of the field.

Two of our original characters were engaged in digging potatoes the other day, putting them in a bag as they dug them. The result of the combination was that they burnt up the bag as they took a smoke, while discussing the relative virtues of a German life or a seafaring existence.

A bombardment was heard one night last week, and the next day an irate owner of a fine melon patch was searching for those who had stolen his melons. This is an old tale in this town of which the features are dark nights, guns, invisible thieves, profanity and melon patches.

Pat McLady, at Adison, W. Va., is good at a hint. He called up his landlady, and said, "Have the hogs in Webster county, no legs or fate?" "Why do you want to know that?" "By me faith, madam, I have only seen side mats since I hev been boarding wid ye, and I thought maybe the hogs crawled like snakes! and I wish to remark that this country is healthy for chickens, for divil a dead one have I seen here." Pat got ham and chickens at once.

"A Gard."

Editor of Times: My attention was attracted by an article, in your last week's issue, over the misnomer of "Democrat." The writer of that card is a Republican, or else his Democracy is so badly warped, that it would take an expert to determine if it would pass for Democracy at all. And if "local issues have made it hard for many fair minded people to follow party lines this year," those "many fair-minded people" must belong to the "West Side," for the Democracy of the East Side is willing to follow party lines, regardless of local questions, or the personnel of the ticket, and the only division that does or can exist, is upon Commissioner of County Court, (and it is to be regretted that this was not adjusted.) "West Side," "East Side," "Magnanimity." Good Lord deliver us from sectional division and political magnanimity, and in thy good name, so sear and harden the conscience of any Democrat wishing to vote for a Republican candidate, that the memory of that vote may not trouble him in years to come. And the West Side sacrifice in 1892. What a pity it was never heard of until now.

Will Democrat please take the official directory, as published in the TIMES, and see where the majority of them live and how they stand on the "C. H. question," and then tell us how much they gave up.

"The State and the next Legislature is safely Democratic, I think so, too, but don't bet your farm on it, brother, for 'there is many a slip,' etc. And the only safe way is to elect Democrats.

Hoping that rancorous feelings will pass away, sectional differences be forgotten, party lines remain intact, and that party success will be achieved by united and unceasing effort, I am another

DEMOCRAT.

Frost in parts of the county on Tuesday morning and Wednesday morning, but no special damage.

Personal.

Miss Lucy Kinkaid, of Frankford will commence her school in Mr. Levi Gay's family, Oct the 1st.

John A. McNeel Esq., and family, of Rockbridge County have been visiting in Pocahontas.

Rev. Ballengee and wife, of Roncoverte, are in this county.

Dr. Newton Craigh, of Atlanta, Ga., is visiting at Mr. E. N. Moore's.

Hon. John A. Preston after speaking at Academy last Saturday started for his home in Lewisburg about dark to ride the 31 miles before day light, in order to be present at a meeting of the congregation of the Lewisburg Presbyterian church on the next day, when that church was to choose a pastor from among three men.

J. Curry Skeen of Covington, was in Marlinton last week.

Dr. McClintic of Academy spent some time in Marlinton this week.

County clerk Brown coined several dollars last Monday from the marriage license department. Not very long since a gentleman procured "the papers" and the girl going back on him, he tried to sell "them" back to the clerk for 50 cts.

Mr. Kennie Hill was in town Monday, Mr. Hill is becoming known as a good contractor and builder.

Married.

At Clover Lick, on Wednesday, the 26th inst., Mr. Henry McNeel and Miss Eva Ligon. This was one of the prettiest weddings of the season. The party assembled at the hospitable home of Dr. Ligon on the evening before, where a magnificent reception was given. On the day following, the party repaired to the handsome church at Clover Lick, where the proper ones were made one by Rev. T. H. Lacy, of the Diocese of Virginia, by means of the beautiful and impressive marriage ceremonies of the Episcopal Church. The church was tastefully decorated. The attendants were, Mr. Platt Marshall and Miss Annette Ligon, Mr. W. A. Bratton and Miss Rosa Ligon, Mr. Ed. Jackson and Miss Maggie McNeel, Mr. Jake Beard and Miss Mary McNeel, Mr. Alex. McNeel and Miss Rachel Beard, Mr. Richard Beard and Miss Nella Pritchard, Mr. Robert K. Adams and Miss Otie Cackley, and Mr. Andrew Price and Miss Maggie Patterson.

After the service the party drove to the home of the groom, where they were most hospitably entertained.

The bride is a daughter of Dr. Ligon, of Clover Lick, and is one of our most charming young ladies; the groom is a son of Capt. Wm. L. McNeel, of Academy, and is a most popular young man.

Mysterious Firing.

Last Sunday night, the neighborhood of Academy was alarmed by hearing the sounds of shots near Mr. Preston Clark's house. Ever since the robberies in that section, the people there have been very susceptible to "scares." The case last Sunday was about as follows: A negro named Arnold, living by Mr. Clark's, was frightened by some one knocking on his door. As he would give no satisfactory explanation, he would not let him in. He then shot at the dog, and Arnold began firing at him. Several shots were exchanged. Seventeen shots were fired in all.

The Ministers.

"Ministers are alright," said a man, the other day, "they are as good as anybody else, and we show our respect for them often in such a way that we fail to be cordial, and by thus appearing cold, make their work harder for them, when they try to do us good."

As good a joke as ever got into an editors' drawer, was got off in a late Conference meeting of the M. E. church South. A preacher, whose work lies in the Edray and Huntersville Districts is a man of gigantic frame and his feet are not disproportionate. A brother told him at Conference that he could prove by the Bible that he was not "called to preach," and to convince him, repeated the verse "How beautiful are the feet of them who preach the Gospel."

A Startling Announcement.

Rev. W. T. Price, of Pocahontas county, predicts that the world will come to an end in 1910. He figures it out that the second coming of the Messiah will certainly be in that year. *Tygart's Valley News (Elkins, W. Va.)*

The gentleman referred to is the father of the editor of this paper, and while he did not exactly predict the

result above, the interesting statistics given by him in a late sermon, which led to the above report, will be given, shortly, in this paper.

Mingo Mince-meat.

It is a matter of deep regret that Mr. C. H. Fennell is seeking fresh fields and pastures new, and his presence will be much missed in the English Colony. This well-read gentleman is a veritable walking dictionary of information, and blessed will be the people amongst whom his lot is cast in the dim and distant future. Fare thee well, and God-speed, Charlie!

The champion jockey of Pocahontas county is Yorkshire born and bred, and, consequently, when he gets his back against a fence, he can talk about "horse! hoss!! oss!!!!" for four mortal hours, and even then he does not feel tired. He rejoices in the euphonistic name of Fred Hainetock, and his quaint dialectic sayings and repartees should be heard to be appreciated. He is in the employ of Mr. Hebden, at whose homestead the visitor will be greeted with a cheery welcome of "Has te seen t' papers?" followed by a graphic and minute description of how Fred Taral won the Brooklyn Handicap, or some such such exciting event. Our only Fred is a beauty, and adds a dash of spice to our somewhat monotonous life.

A fresh arrival from England is Mr. E. Brooke-Hunt, who is a fine sample of a Jolly John Bull in knee-breeches and gaiters (*celu ra sans dire!*) He is keeping his weather eye open for a standard-bred horse, which will be up to his burley weight. When he finds the requisite article, you may bet your bottom dollar you will find him in the first flight of the gay, galloping horsemen.

Tommy Tompkins, a recently imported *chef-de-cuisine*, came within an ace of a violent death. On Sunday, as is his wont, he went off sparking, along with kindred spirits. No saddle being obtainable, nothing daunted, T. T. bestraddled a donkey bare-backed, (the same T. T. never before having crossed anything except the broad Atlantic Ocean, be it observed!) but the hearty exuberance of his friends caused him to lose his equilibrium, kissing mother earth harder than he intended; he rolled several hundred feet down a deep ravine, finally landing in a boiling and turbulent river at the bottom, from which he was ignominiously fished out with a boat-hook—a wiser and a sadder man! He is recovering slowly but surely!

Two of our youngsters, (the Brothers H.) are keen, though wash-ball seated, riders, especially when it comes to leaping over four feet of timber. Mr. B. B. Earnshaw, having observed this too common failing with his eagle eye, has most kindly and considerably taken them in hand, with a view to instilling closer adhesion to the pig-skins. We earnestly hope that their ambition and lack of fear in riding, combined with their tutor's excellent *menage*, may save them from disgracing their hard-riding ancestors of the Old Country. "Sit back and let her come at it, man!" OLD NICK.

Dilleys Mill.

Threshing is a thing of the past. Hugh Grimes finished last Thursday, and stored his threshing machine away until another year.

J. W. Grimes and C. K. Moore went to Marlinton, last Saturday, on business.

John Francis, Esq., spent one night with his friends of this place, on his way to visit his aunt and other friends at Beverly.

The Sunday School at Mt. Zion will close September 30th.

Preaching by Rev. Fultz, at Mt. Zion, October 7th.

Professor George E. Morre commences his school at Mt. Tabor, September 24th.

Some of the Frost boys still practice the habit of going to mill on Sunday.

Miss Florence Hively expects to teach school at Brushy Run this winter.

Miss Emma Taylor, of Dunmore, was visiting Mrs. Margaret Grimes last week.

R. C. Shrader has his new house near done, and expects to occupy the same soon. Then keep your eye on the gobbler! Sept. 19, 1894. ANNIE LAURIE.

Liobelia.

J. E. Peck, an under-graduate of the Summersville School, left last week to teach school on Locust Creek.

George Williams, Esq., is rapidly pushing his new house to completion.

Rev. W. S. Anderson left last Saturday for Randolph-Macon College. He is looking forward to taking the degree of A. B., and then he will return to see his betsy.

Some few days ago, two of our neighborhood boys, Eagle and Vaughn, went out to Cherry River on a fishing trip. They returned with fishermen's luck, stating that the river is lower than has ever been known; and what few trout they caught were in the deepest holes in the Glades. They say they enjoyed camping out under the shadows of the spruce pine and listening to the noise of the hoot-owl, as it cried "w-h-o a-r-e y-o-u," better than paddling in the water after something they could not get. Their return trip was kept from being lonesome by the chatter of the many mountain boomers, which infest one when in the woods in these parts. Sept. 10, 1894. W. VA. ROVER.

Dilleys Mill.

Cutting Corn and seeding is in order now, corn in places very good owing to the continued dry weather. Cane will be next in order owing to the scarcity of fruit there was quite an interest in the sugar plant.

Mr. Uriah Bird was in this place last week.

Mr. J. W. Grimes, while plowing had his team to become unmanageable and ran away, fortunately no damage only one horse bruised some.

Quite a crop of chestnuts and oak mast.

Prof. G. E. Moore commenced school at Mt. Tabor, 24 inst. Mt. Zion Sunday school will close Sept. 30th, young people have taken quite an interest in Sunday school, and have learned many precious truths.

Prof. Moore will sing at Mt. Zion at the close of Sunday School.

Wonder if "Iron Sides" knows who he is. He had best go to hole and stay until Greenbrier River freezes over and then come out and go to Marlinton and sit on a cake of good ice, and cool his brains, i. e., if he has any. Read his writings through and through, and the casual observer will at once conclude that a wooden man with a pumpkin head, could write more sense. The inspired penman has very applicably said "Answer not a fool according to his folly." "ANONYMOUS."

Dunmore.

Cool and frosty Monday night. Get on a little more kiver, put up your stoves, pick chestnuts when they fall, make cider when you have apples.

Mrs. S. C. Pritchard, who has been visiting the springs in Virginia for a month or two, returned home Saturday.

Mr. William Prichard is home to see his friends.

Miss Cora Pritchard, who spent the summer here and drank the fine water, returned to her home in Staunton, Va., this week.

Miss Otie Cackley and Mayor Stonewall Jackson are up from Roncoverte.

Mr. Skeggs, 96 years old, of Webster county, is visiting at Clover Lick.

Some one burned up a house for Mr. Uriah Hevener, on Clover Creek, one day last week.

We had the pleasure of listening to a very able sermon delivered by Bishop Peterkin, on Sunday morning, at Clover Lick, and a very interesting lecture by Rev. J. N. Craig, of Atlanta, Georgia, at Dunmore, Sunday evening.

We understand that Mr. William Smith has bought land near town, and will move to this place.

Capt. Lakin caught 33 fine bass Saturday, all out of one hole.

Mrs. A. N. Moore is visiting at Huntersville.

Judge C. F. Moore returned to Clifton Forge, Monday.

"Ike Addams," in the Herald, last week, beat Teter's cat, and Teter's cat is the only thing that ever beat the D—!

TOM SAWYER.

Times office for job-work.